VVORCESTER'S ELEGIE, AND EVLOGIE.

By *J. T.* Mr. of Arts.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Humphry Blunden*, at his ſhop, at the Caſtle in Cornehill,
1638.

Anal his Worcester's eulogie

To the Worshipfull *Thomas Coventry* Esquire.

THat poore vertue Charity hath beene so long neglected; that, now a good Almes is neere the nature of a wonder, and may challenge a Poet. How then could I (though conscious, how small a part I am of that sacred title) conteine my quill? amidst so many such wonders: Those frequent Benefactors, who visited our City with plenteous Almes; when just Heaven, with a scourge, the lifting up of these faire examples may happily encourage others to Charity; if not, we have shewed our selves gratefull. Now among other Benefactors, the memory of those many favours, which we owe unto your Honourable family, did often offer it selfe to my penne; and at last, drew me to you (as the faireſt branch thereof) for the shaddow of patronage. It is onely for the confidence that I have in your courteous hand, that I present this unhandsome peece to your judicious eye; this being not more subtle to judge, than that gentle to pardon. Nor doe I distrust that all will displease your

eye; it will mend on your hand, though the first part be lamentable, the second is gratefull: I am sure the last (that which I borrowed of my friend) though not Poeticall, is all compos'd of figures; if any thing give you satisfaction, it is a sufficient guerdon for the Author.

Your most humble servant,

J. T.

CHARISSIMO SVO SYMpatriôtæ & quondam condiſcipulo

Mro. *Johanni Toy*, hujus poematis parenti quod inſcribitur *Wigorniæ Elegia & Enlogia.*

CRedideram nupèr (miſeranda Vigornia) de te
Nil præter cineres jàm ſupereſſe tuos:
Colluviem tantam citò Mors abſorpſerat atra,
Perq́ triumphatos ſparſerat arma Lares.
Nil ibi per vicos paſſim ſpectabile, præter
Horrida ſigna Crucis, dira trophæa Necis.
Nil niſi Nolarum ſonuit tinnitibus Aër,
Nil niſi Bubonum carmina nocte crepant.
Funera funeribus glomerata, ſepulchra ſepulchris:
Iamq́ cadaveribus Terra onerata gemit.
Quoſq́ priùs vivos diſcordia fœda diremit,
Mors unâ exanimes conſociavit humo.
¶ Mœſta Parens! numquid vitali veſceris aurâ?
Natorum exequiis ſola ſuperſtes eris?
Qui pote? tot clades, ſeries tam longa malorum
Herculeas vires fregerit ante diem.
Biblida ſi perhibent nimio mœrore ſolutam
De lachrymis flumen progenuiſſe ſuis:

De lachrymis (heu!) quanta tuis bibit ægra Sabrina,
Quæ veſtrum tumido proluit amne latus?
Si bus ſeptenâ viduatam prole, dolendo
In marmor Nioben diriguiſſe ferunt:
Credibile eſt ſtupefacta tibi lapideſcere membra,
Duraq́ viſceribus marmora nata tuis.
Fletibus aſſiduis omnem eluxiſſe liquorem
Teq́ animæ credam corpus inane tuæ.
Cauſa fuit diſpar, nec par menſura dolendi:
Sunt Niobê a tuis inferiora malis.
Illa quidem ſeptem bis: tu magis orba, videbas
Millia ſexcentis addita buſta rogis.
Quoq́ magis mirer; vix Sol tria Signa peregit,
Cum tu plùs natis millibus orba fores.
Sic vidi iratum Pelagus ſpumantibus undis,
Obicibus ruptis præcipitâſſe viam:
Hic ſtagnis lacubuſque: illic ſe fontibus auget,
Saxa per & ſegetes arvaq́ fœtaruit.
Subſidunt montes parent hominesque feraq́,
Tectaq́, & indomitis omnia inundat aquis.
Tàm citò graſſata eſt, tanto inſupèr impete Peſtis,
Sæcula ut haud dederint ulla priora parem.
Mitior illa fuit, quam ſacra volumina produnt
Niligenis læſi Naminis ira dedit.
Millia tam ſubita conſorpta voragine tolli
Res eſt communem vix habitura fidem.
¶ Indoleo tibi (Chara Parens) quæ ſupplice tergo
Vindicis exhauſti tela tremenda Iovis.
Squalida jàm vultu, & ſparſos laniata capillos
Triſtia Natorum fata citata gemis.
Quæq́ oculis nondum per damna recentia ſiccis
Cordolii numeras ſingula membra tui,

Multa

Multa tibi miserer: sed in hoc tibi gratulor unè,
Phœnicem cineres quod peperere tui.
Ille tibi vitam tribuetq́: moriq́ vetabit
Quos tibi Nutritos cælica cura dedit.

EIVSDEM SYNCHARma ob reſtauratam urbi ſanitatem,

Ad amicum quendam qui paulo poſt ſedatam peſtem ex Varis convaluerat.

QVum Pater omnipotens te, candide amice, videret
Intactumq́ malis immemoremq́ necis:
Infractam cupiens tentaminis igne probare
Inq́ crucis rigida cote ciere fidem,
Immiſit morbum, quo non violentior alter,
Perdere ſive ſuos ſive probare velit.
Qualitèr * *Huſſæum (quo nullus amantior æqui*
Quem Nabathæa tulit) flixerat antè ſenem.
Caperat inde tui moles oneroſa doloris
Inq́ ægra illapſa eſt membra per oſſa lues.
Moxq́ caput venterq́ dolent, queribundaque orexis
Nec bene confectos egerit ore cibos.
Iamq́ vocas medicum, qui te propè miſit ad Orcum,
Maturans pilulis funera cruda ſuis:
Dum ſymptota mali malè doctus, opemq́ capeſſens
Porrexit medicâ pharmaca dira manu.
Exin phlyctænas frons parturit, ora rubeſcunt,
Et notat ignitam puſtula crebra cutim.
Iamq́ diu graſſata mali exitioſa poteſtas
Iræ exarmârat ſpicula cuncta ſuæ.

* Iob 1.

Saucius

Saucius innumeris jacuisti membra sagittis
Defueratq; novis pellis onusta malis:
Non tot mellificos Hybla concipit alta colonos,
Nec scabies totidem, quos lepra vestit, habent.
Non coit halecum cuneus numerosior, acri
Obvia cum Pristen per freta Marte petunt.
Squaluit horrendùm sanie cutis ægra, luisque
Grumea vis nixa est claudere lucis iter:
Torridus exta calor, venas tibi sanguis adussit,
Halitus ora calens, guttur anhela sitis.
Non magis ignivomo bellatrix turba camino
Ferbuit, altisoni fulmine trusa Iovis.
Ipsa tibi levior Nessea subucula visa est
Oetæis domino tetrior illa rogis.
Stragulaq; & tenuis peperit tibi tædia lodix,
Quaque tuum erigerent plumea fulchra caput:
Cunctaq; (sic ô sunt contraria cuncta dolenti)
Pondera difficilis plena doloris erant.
Resq; fide major, totidem inter tædia vitæ,
Et mala, quæ dirus plurima morbus habet:
Non tamen impulsus malesuadi cuspide morbi,
Mente nec amissa prosperiore ferox,
Solvere in autherem cruciaminis ora, profanis
Nec semel ausus eras dilacerare sonis:
At cruce te dignans (mirum potuisse) ferebas
Æquus; inoffensi symbola rara viri.
Hæc meminisse juvat, sedet ast in pectore terror,
Obversansq; oculis mortis imago meis,
¶ *Chara tibi conjux dedit auxilare cubanti*
Officium, in mortis limine fida comes:

Prodiga quæ propriè tibi ſola ſalutis adhæſit
Inque ferè, nollet quæ tibi, fata ruit.
Non tenuit lachrymas, (nec enim tenuiſſe licebat)
Aſpera dum morbi ſingula ritè notat.
Queis dum paſcebat rorantia lumina, ſervans
Culmina fortunæ deperitura ſuæ;
Vtq; toro affixus, nullo viſente, jacebat
Anchora qui laceræ debuit eſſe rati:
Suffudit lachrymæ imbre genas, & corde gementes
Quos dolor expreßit ſufficiente ſonos,
Me miſeram! (dixit) quæ ſors mea dura futura eſt?
Heu quæ me reliquam fata nefanda manent?
O ſi quod miſeris numen patet, erue lance
Crimina & optatis perfice fauſta meis:
Delicias hunc ſæva meas Libitina redonet,
Sin minus hoc; ſocio flagret uterq; rogo.
Hactenus; extremas gemitu obturbante loquelas:
Cætera vocalis deſiit eſſe dolor.
Mox Atropos (fama eſt) vultu minitante tremenda
Quæ dextrum ancipiti cinxerat enſe latus,
Ceduaq; oſtentans functorum ſtamina fato
Ingeſſit celeres in tua tecta pedes.
Vtque erat impatiens, prædæq; cupidine præceps
Omnivoram ferri cote ſubegit aciem:
Stamina jàm vitæ rigida prætidere falce,
Luminaq; æternâ claudere nocte parat;
Cum ſic Aſtripotens; ultricia tela virago
Pone, ait, hæc alto ſpicula fige loco:
Dumque tuam truculenta reposcimus, Atropos, harpen:
Eſto redux ægris (ſic voto) tuta ſalus:

Tuque

Tuque potens Nemesis, justique ministra tremendi,
Desine vindicta, parce (ohe) parce neci.
Dixit, at in tenues evanuit Atropos auras
Et Nemesis rapuit sanguinolenta fugam.
¶ *Dignáne cui grates, superum clementia, reddam:*
Solenneve onerem thuris honore focos?
Dignus thure Deus certè est: utinamq; liceret
Digna Deo sanctis thura adolere focis.

GVIL. ROVVLANDS

Wigornienſis

Art. Mag:

TO HIS COVNTRY-MAN THE AVTHOR.

I Cannot but commend thy ſong and thee,
Though it be all *cromaticke* harmonie;
And therefore proper to the *ſubject*, where
Each *note* ſhould be a *groane*, each *cloſe* a *teare*.
Yet above all I muſt thy *zeale* preferre
That mak'ſt thy *worke* a gratefull *Regiſter*
Of *actions* and their *owners*, that will be
A faire *example* for *poſteritie*.
I know thy *Muſe* was ſad like thoſe ſad *times*
Fitter for *Dirges* than for lively *rithmes*:
But *Libitina's* is neglected now;
And other *altars* with their *incenſe* glow.
Sing then ſome active *ſtraines*, that may inſpire
Thy *hearers* (like thine owne *Phebean fire*)
With *imitation*; How'd the *Muſes* joy
Were ev'ry *child* o'th' *Braine* no worſe a *Toy*?

T. N.

To

To the Author.

GReat States are uſher'd in with numerous Traines,
For greater Majeſtie: thy ſtately Straines,
No triviall-Toyes; doe merit ſome prime Quill;
To blaze thy Elegiack and Eulogiack-skill.
Daigne my meane Muſe, though not in Æquipage
To uſher in the Mirrours of our Age
For Charity; if we ungratefull prove:
May Worc'ſter *need; but never finde like Love.*

J. R.

Worceſter's Elegie.

WEepe, Reader! or thou doſt this Poem wrong,
A ſadder argument was never ſong. (high,
To fortune weepe, who on her wheele ſits
May downe aſſoone, with pitty pitty buy,
Give nature teares, a ſenſleſſe member th'art,
If thou not feele another member's ſmart.
Weepe on this paper, that this Poetry
Moyſt with that dew of goodneſſe, ſeeme not dry.
For this poore price of teares, here ſhalt thou ſee,
An image of that dire calamity,
A ſweeping Plague, which from a flowing ſtate,
Brought *Worc'ſter* to the loweſt ebbe of fate.

We need not ſearch in natures myſteries,
To ſtart the cauſe from whence this curſe did riſe;
If envious ſtarres ſhot poyſon from their ſphere,
Or from th' earths hollow bowels belch'd it were,
Or angry winds did puffe it; theſe obey
And work his fates, which earth and heaven doth ſway.
What ſtaffe ſo ere did ſtrike, 'tis ſafe to know;
Twas an Almighty Arme did weld the blow.
And what ſtirres him to ſtrike? the monſter ſinne,
He quarrels that alone, all elſe ſome kinne,
From the firſt good derive, what ere God made,
Is of his Sacred nature beame, or ſhade.
Mans ill's his owne, he vengeance on his head
Doth pull, by treaſon, in his boſome bred.

The

The Snake, which firſt the fatall fruit doth reach
Th' offence committed doth th' offender peach.
The plague, and ſinne do each reſemble other,
I'th' daughters lookes you may diſcerne the mother.
Sinne, the ſoules hangman, taught the plague to kill,
To ſpread her poyſon too, patternes of ill
Infect their neighbourhood, where ſinnes abound
It is no wonder killing ſores are found.
By this we taint cœleſtiall influence;
Our ayre, and windes, draw their malignance hence,
And all the creatures, fated for our good,
By mans owne guilt are guilty of his blood.
Twas then this boſome-plague, that ſpawne of hell,
For which, on us heavens heavy thunder fell.
Was this alone the cauſe? unhappy caſe!
Had we ta'en time for cure, with' herbe of grace,
The rew of penitence, and ſoveraigne ſage
Of wiſedome, theſe had ſtopt th' avengers rage.
Had we for ſalve our owne teares dranke, and ſpread
That beſt of poulders, duſt upon our head,
We might have turn'd upon our foes this feare,
The dire *Apollo* ne'er had come ſo neere:
But ſpight of hanging danger heedleſſe we
Slept on the downe of dull ſecurity,
Gave vengeance leave to ſeaze us unprepard,
And wounded are, ere we can wake to ward.
Yet 'fore the fight, alarmes the Lord did threat,
Twice he firſt touch'd us, and did twice retreat;
That by this patient anger we might know
By penitence t'avert the falling blow.
Feavers foreranne with ſpotted livery,
To ſhew, the mortall markes were marching nigh.

And

And laſt (no lucky omen) in each field,
Vnwonted Ravens diſmall muſters held:
Brought hither by divining noſtrils breath,
As to *Achelmada*, the field of death.
Each houre gave oft memento's for the grave,
Thus heaven when arm'd to kill, is kind to ſave.
While all this faire forbearing beares no fruit,
Abaddon's ſent, due wrath to execute.
The plagne's begunne, ſome fall, the reſt doe feare,
As ſome nocturnall fire diſcover'd were.
Which with his flaming top begins to blaze,
Vpon the neighbour walles, the people gaze,
Alike, the neere, and they that live aloofe,
Doe feare the flame, each for his proper roofe.
While ſome fall, others on flight meditate,
They throng for life, who firſt ſhould threed the gate.
Sweete health! they leave faire Citty ſeates, to catch
At Cottages, compoſd of mudde, and thatch,
And dare to dying roofes their lives commit,
Which with each wind endure a palſie fit.
Each carkaſe of a cottage now hath gueſts;
And City great ones envy Country beaſts.
All lives are now ſet on ſuch dangerous dyes,
One takes the Croſſe up, in that concave lyes
Center to thronged ghoſts, here's his content,
When dead, his houſe may be his monument.
One, that no Miller was, for ſhift doth ſteale
Into a vacant wind mill, others dwell
On *Severnes* watry breaſt, in tented boate,
And with their houſhold, thus at anchor floate,
In care of wonted health, they wrecke not whether,
They wade in waves, or hang i'th empty weather.

Yea, who no cover hop'd but the cold skies
Dare home forſake, ſo *Worc'ſter*, *Worc'ſter* flies,
Nay with like lucke, as when two Sunnes appeare
In clouded ayre, two *Worc'ſters* now there were.
Thoſe whom no other place did ſhelter yeeld,
Doe cobble cabbins in th' adjoyning field.
Each booth to them a ſtately palace ſeem'd,
Which lately, lofty building, lightly deem'd.
Tis thou neceſſity that teacheſt man,
His breadth a bubble is, his ſpace a ſpan.
Though through the clouds to heaven he caſtles build,
In ſtorme, a tubbe is found enough to ſhield
The *Pigmee's* head, luxurious complement
Craves much, with little nature is content.
Some packe up death, and from the Citty flye,
With fatall garments, there (worſe Plague) to dye
Sans hope of grave; all gape for freſher ayre,
As fiſhes ſtifled with long ice, repaire
Vnto ſome hole, where late the Leatherne hine,
With Axe hath broke the froſt to water kine.
We pardon nature, better ſome ſhould flye,
Then ſtay to accumulate deaths tragedy.
All ſweeteneſſe now of neighbour-hood is gone,
None ſafe, but who like ſalvage, live alone.
That heſt of nature, ſociability
Is next doore now to death, who company
Lov'd moſt, the flocke muſt now forgoe for dread,
And from this ſerjeant hide a debt-leſſe head.
Ill fate! that who were borne for mutuall ayde,
Whom moſt they love, muſt moſt of all avoyde,
No helpe is now, but all helpe to forgoë,
To joyne our forces, were t' augment our foe.

May I not ſay; cauſe wē did violate,
The lawes of nature, by fraternall hate,
That hence vicinity a curſe doth turne,
As one houſe fir'd another houſe doth burne.
The magiſtracy try'd all hopefull arts,
This gangrene might not ſpread on ſounder parts,
In vaine, alaſſe! impoſſible's the cure,
Where ſound ſo mingled are with parts impure,
Th' impetuous ſtorme confounds their counſell ſo,
As fate will guide them muſt the Pilots goe.
A ſhepeheard ſo, diſtruſting by the fall
Of ſome ſicke ſheepe, that danger is on all,
With buſie care his medicines doth ſpend,
From ſcab ſome little lambkins to defend,
But ſeeing his paines the patients nought releives,
He throwes his hooke, and pipe aſide and greives.
Have you beheld, when *Sol* our heaven declines?
And crookes his *Zodiack* tow'rds th' *Antartick* lines?
How mellow leaves with every puffe of wind,
From trees do trickle? ſome interment find
I'th' ſteps of cattle, ſome unburied lye,
And on the wings of wanton blaſts doe flye.
So, this ſad Autumne, *Worc'ſter* faſter fals,
Then who ſurvive, could furniſh funerals.
The fatall dames, to multiply the dead
All cut, by handfuls too, not threed by threed.
Through numerous death's, & others couching feares,
A generall deſolation ſoone appeares,
The Citty from the Citty differs now,
As to it ſelfe the tree which yerſt did blow
And beare: but when the roote the ſap hath drunke,
The fruite and leaves depart and leave the trunke.

With naked armēs, Heavens injuries to beare.
Or ſuch a ſolitude doth now appeare,
As in the waxen towne, when th' hony hoſt,
To cruell Lords, their cates, and lives have loſt.
There's noyſe enough, but bad enough, the Bels
Yer ſix new Moones, rang fifteene hundred knels.
Nor men alone doe dye, all trading's dead,
But that which by the fatall ſpade is ſped,
Of Sexton, and the journey-men he keepes
To bury mortals, bound with brazen ſleepes.
Their doubt is, how ſo crammd, their hallowed mould,
This ſudden glut of carkaſes will hold.
Along the ſtreetes, the ſable coffins wave,
As if they ſtrove, who firſt ſhould finde the grave.
This time, ſo full of horrid deſtiny,
The tearme of death, may truely tearmed be,
Thoſe *Brevia*, lives, are to the Common place
From whence they came, to duſt returnd apace.
And, mortals every where expire ſo faſt,
It ſeemes, the Hilary terme of life is paſt,
Amidſt this frequent buſineſſe of death,
None houſd, dare ope a doore, freſh ayre to breath,
Leaſt if his noſtrils ſent ſome poyſnous taſte,
He draw this in, but breathes it out his laſt.
All our faire ſtreetes, for deaths uſe ſeazed are,
A City once, is now a thorow fare
Of dead-men; thronged funerals he meetes,
That dare adventure on the diſmall ſtreetes,
They which the husband poſted to his Vrne;
For widdow ſtreight, or Orphan doe returne.
Who now his neighbours hearſe did helpe to carry,
Anon is dead, and doth like portage tarry.

Thē mortall Angell with impartiall blade
Mowēs all before him, few paſſe-ōvers made.
The Angell rather lookes but on, 'tis we
With civill hurt, worke our owne tragedy.
The ſervant banes his Lord, the ſonne the ſire,
As the whole ſtack one kindled ſtick doth fire,
Yea oft, that boſome-friend, the ſucking child
With hateleſſe treaſon, hath his mother kild.
In ſpight of vertue, tyrant deſtiny,
Makes each his brothers murtherer to dye.
Amidſt ſo many monuments of fate,
Each thinks each moment is his utmoſt datē.
His caſe is bad as death, whom heaven repreivēs,
Beſet with thouſand wounding feares he lives.
Some weeping mothers, like moyſt *Niobe*,
The loſſe of all her iſſue liv'd to ſee;
Yet here thē fates are mercifull, nēxt morrow,
Shee's ſick, ſhee dyes, ſo dyes her infant ſorrow.
Some fruitfull parents, like cropt trees we finde,
The branches prun'd, the trunkes are left behinde.
Yea oft, we ſaw, to fall this ſtormy weather,
Children, and parents, trunck and top together.
In ſome black ſcenes of this ſore tragedy
Not perſons: families, and names do dye.
At other time ſome comfort 'twas to fall,
Who pooreſt dyes, hath rites of funerall;
With pompe the people beare him to the Prieſt,
Who prayes, and bleſſeth, and upon his cheſt
Drops conſecrated mould, thus *Thracian*-like,
We might congratulate whom fate doth ſtrike.
This death alaſſe! a ſchiſmaticke affords
No Ceremony, men are brought on ſlings, and boards;

Vncoffind, and uncover'd to the grave,
Which, though free land, they ſeldome ſingle have.
The Bees give to their dead ſuch funeralls,
One luggs a legge, the wing another hales.
So, through their gates, the little corps they bring,
And from the ſtocke, a feaſt for Emmets ſting.
To travaile twice with one, ſome forced are,
And beare them to the grave, to life they bare.
And thou (poore man) which wanting helpe and Beere,
Bareſt on thy backe, thy poore departed pheere.
Who ſaw thy funerall, and no teares lent,
Is dead or dying, ſure his moiſture ſpent,
Such inauſpicious ſights theſe times doe give,
The dead ſeeme happy, tis a plague to live.
With ſuch poore rites the carcaſes they gather,
They ſeeme not buryed, executed rather.
The ſpectacles of theſe diſaſters be
Infectious, ſome theſe ſorrowes dye to ſee.
Who ſtayd, or ſcap'd the towne by timely ſtealth,
His purſe is plagued, payes very deare for health.
Vnhappy City! how the Fates have chang'd,
Thy ſtate, and thee unto thy ſelfe eſtrang'd:
Who ſaw thee late, might glory of the ſight,
Who ſee's thee now-alaſſe! in this ſad plight;
Not they, who moſt beholding to thee, dare
Behold thee now, afraid thy newes to heare
Thy chimneyes yeeld as yerſt, no clouds of ſmoake,
Thy clacking loomes lye ſtill, whoſe merry ſtroke,
Did meaſure all the minutes of the day.
So paſt our vitall threeds the Plague doth ſlay,
The ſlay muſt ceaſe, the ſhuttle-workemen fell
So thicke, that little cloath is made to ſell.

Thy

Thy naked ſtreetes poore towne! and hatefull reſt
Seeme for thy parted Ghoſt a ſolemne feaſt.
Thy pebbles poliſht with much peoples ſeete, (ſtreet.
Ore grown with graſſe, ſeeme Churchyard more than
Did nature meane in this unwonted ſpring,
Some type of reſtauration to bring?
Or, by this tranſitory gourd to ſhow,
Each day, like graſſe w'are ripe for time to mow?
But what the living have too much the dead
Doe want, the Churchyards are ſo harrowed
With frequent uſe of mattock, ſcarſe a grave,
As type of Reſurrection, graſſe can have.
Our laſt and loweſt ebbe, the tyde, which late
Into our markets flowed through every gate,
Doth now runne by; who wont to bring us foode,
Doe gaze aloofe, and curſe our neighbour-hood.
All commart with us now the Countries flye,
And leave us nought to doe, but idlely dye.
And now the power of money, which before
From the ſeas deepeſt bottome, fartheſt ſhore,
From earthes darke Cellars, and the vaulted skies,
Could fetch foule, fiſh, gemmes, all commodities.
Doth ſympathize with us, and ſeemes to dye,
Shillings are cyphers, gold will ſcarſely buy
A pound of butter; loe here! how heaven can
Infatuate the faith of fickle man.
Let none on ſilver heapes their hopes ſecure,
God can turne gold to droſſe, make money poore.
Subdued at laſt with laſting uſe of greefe,
Our dread becomes deſire, want of releefe
Doth make infection feareleſſe, death a friend,
Which brings the beſt of medicines, an end.

Amidſt

Elegie.

Amidſt the ſtorme ſome beames of hopē appeare,
The clouds diſſolve, the day beginnes to cleare,
A bleſſed plot of holy friends combin'd,
To ſtead our ſtate to this low ſpoke declin'd.
Our honourable Vice-royes of Aſſize,
Hearing our Cities unheard miſeries,
With praying yet imperious eloquencē,
Did winne the County to benevolence.
The Bench of Iuſtices with joy allowes,
And executes with ſpeed their ſacred vowes,
And many gracious perſons of free pitty,
Ioyne hands from famine to defend the Citty.

FINIS.

VVORCESTER'S EVLOGIE.

OR,

A gratefull acknowledgement of her BENEFACTORS.

By *J. T.* Mr. of Arts.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Humphry Blunden*, at his ſhop, at the Caſtle in Cornehill,
1638.

WORCESTER'S
EVLOGIE.

OR,

LONDON,
Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Humphry Blunden, at
his Shop, at the Castle in Cornehill,
1638.

To the famous City of *Briſtol.*

Briſtol was wont to trade with every bay,
Where *Sol* firſt ſhews, or ſhuts againe the day.
What glimpſe of gaine did ſhine here? to what end?
Did ſhee to *Worceſter* her money ſend?
Her trading's dead, poore City 'tis a great
Adventure, to come neere her ſickly ſeat.
She might much rather, let it farther fly;
To *Spaine* for wines, or ſpice to *Barbary*.
We underſtand (faire Merchant) thine intent,
To ſayle i'th' waters 'bove the firmament.
To trade in heavens rich havens, thence to buy
Treaſures will bleſſe thee to eternity.
Good Pilot! well th'aſt hit that milky way,
What the poore borrow, heaven is bound to pay.
Joy on thy thrift, by pounds to *Worc'ſter* given,
Th'aſt rigg'd an *Argoſy*, to trade in heaven.
Meane while, we grateſull here will never faile,
With ſacred orizons to ſwell thy ſayle;
Scape thou relentleſſe rocks and ambuſh'd ſands,
And load thy decks with treaſures from all lands.
So be thy ſhips with friendly gales attended,
As in this ſtorme, thou *Worc'ſter* haſt befriended.

To the Corporation of *Teuxbury.*

NOe leſſe, though leſſe by much, kind *Teuxbury*,
Hadſt thou approo'd thy Chriſtian charity.
How much our welfare (Siſter) didſt thou care;
That ſent'ſt ſo oft, ſo much, ſo dainty fare.
Our markets marr'd, our uſe of money dead,
Thou coyn'dſt thy kindneſſe into cheeſe and bread,
Immediate for the mouth, thy gracious meate
Coſt us no trouble, 'twas but Take, and Eate.
Happy thoſe hands theſe benefits did beſtow,
Noe graine miſcarried, every ſeed doth grow.
And to the skilfull ſeedſmen backe ſhall beare,
Harveſts of thankfull honours, yeare by yeare.
Our wounds may bleſſe you too; with mighty prayer
You met, and wreſtled with our Angell ſlayer.
A double debt we owe, your vowes were balmes
T'anoint our ſores, our hunger had your almes.
Now heaven defend, that we ſhould graceleſſe live,
After ſuch food tis fit we thanks ſhould give.

To

To the Reverend Father in God, *John*, Lord Bishop of *Worcester.*

WE owed thee (Reverend Father) long agoe
More, than to measure yet with thankes we know.
From future chances free, this former score
Might plead thee, brows of brasse could aske no more.
And yet (just man) we finde thine Almond tree
In frost, and farthest age of fruit most free:
Loe from the boughes which long have thought to drop,
And fed long generations, yet we crop
Luxuriant favours, let heavens dewes descend,
To crowne the top of such a fruitfull friend,
With all terrestriall good heavens-husband dong
Thy stocke, that thou mayest live, and beare, and long:
And when these branches wither, may thy roote
Fresh branches up to life immortall shoote.

To the Reverend Deane and Chapter of the Cathedrall of *Worc'ster.*

O All, your gift deserves prime praise and roome;
While all hopes else but bud, your bounties bloom,
Of double prayse, your merit owes the price;
As double gift, who quickly gives, gives twice.
Yea 'bove example honours you should have,
Who 'bove our hopes, beside example gave.
An offering for each others gift's your due,
Your exemplary bounty donors drew.
You might of all, to all your almes deny,
Since 'twas your Lot, within your Sanctuary
For an afflicted *Zion* to provide.
Yea, while at charge, your *Pauls* you beautified:
Almes, Temples, good Example, wo kes from heaven,
To th' Towne, to God, to Givers, you have given:
Much as *Samaritans*, we must allow,
The Priests, and Levites were our neighbours now.

To

Eulogie.

To the Venerable Clergy of the Dioceſſe of *Worceſter.*

VVIth cheerefull rayes amidſt our clouded skies,
Thy Conſtellation *Levi* did arife,
Thou canſt not ſingle good, thy beames will fire
Numbers of leſſer lights with like deſire.
More than your part your bounteous meſſage brings,
'Tis the Prieſts part to ſuffer offerings
Not make: though ſicke we may digeſt your meate,
We now like *David* holy Shew-bread eate.
You quicken with brave action what you teach,
The beſt of doctrines, almes, your hands do preach.
The flock may in your footſteps ſafely tread,
Paſtors cœleſtiall! you call and lead.
O! thus it ſhould be ever: who ſhall finde
That narrow gate whoſe Guide doth ſtay behinde?

To

Eulogie.

To the Right Worshipfull *James Littleton*, Dr. of the Civill Law, and Chancellor of *Worcester*.

INto this Court of Donors, for a fame
Good Chancellour, we cite thy noble name.
Thou, our *Anathema* saw'st others flee,
As doth the Heard from thunder blasted tree.
Was it Canonicall, to Bless a state;
Which to heavens wrath stood Excommunicate:
Yet since 'tis orthodox, that God delights,
That men should pitty, where his vengeance smites;
Heaven will absolve thy crime, and this almes set
As commutation, 'gainst thy spirituall debt.

To

Eulogie.

To the right Reverend Father in God *Godfrey* Lord Biſhop of *Glouceſter.*

VVE wonder not (good Father) thou didſt feed
Our Towne ſo well, it was but one dayes deed
Of ſeaven; thy charity's a ſpring, each houre,
Vpon the poore thou doſt thy bounty poure.
The wonder is, the bleſſings for thee given,
Have not yet heav'd thee to a throne in heaven.
The world too much would want thee, or long ſince,
Vpon thoſe wings thy ſoule had wafted hence:
Endure a while, thine heavenly wreath, and roome,
Thine Angels will improove, againſt thou come,
A glorious houre expects thee, Chriſt anon
For frequent favours to his ſmall friends done,
Shall call; Come bleſſed of my father, take
A crowne, which ere heaven was, he did thee make.
Meane while, thy prayſe needs me not, that's a thing
Which captives, widdowes, orphans, all doe ſing.

To the right Worſhipfull Sr. *Robert Barkley* Knight, one of his Majeſties Iuſtices of Aſſize.

ANd thou, great Lord Aſcendent of our ſphære,
With boone aſpect didſt beame on *Worceſter*;
When all the hoſt of angry ſtarres did lowre,
Thou interpoſedſt thy propitious power.
Fate, us with biting famine frights to kill,
Thy ſtarre ſhines rayes of gold, to ſalve that ill,
Vs-ward ſo ſweete thine influences be,
We ſeeme another heaven to have in thee:
Nor of thy riſing have we now firſt ſight,
Long have we ſeene, long us'd thy bounteous light:
Thine is a fixed flame, thy courteſie
Did not like Comets, blaze at firſt, to dye.
Yea, double ſtarre! thine hand of courteſie
Gives gold as *Sol*, thy tongue is *Mercury*.
Now, like heavens happieſt ſtarre, be thy faire ſhine,
Never to ſet, be clouded, or decline.

To

To the Right Worſhipfull *John Wilde*, Serjant at Law.

GRave *Wylde*! of gracious thankes a treeble ſee
By Law of gratefullneſſe, is due to thee;
Thou 'gainſt heavens judgement, and a fearefull fate
Of high Star-chamber, waſt our Advocate.
When we the cauſe of life, or death did try,
With that great out-law, grim neceſſity:
When all plea fayl'd, an holy bribe for need
Thou gav'ſt, his mouth to ſtop, our cauſe to feed.
Could power of ſpeech prevaile o're need or death,
Thy coyne th'adſt ſav'd, and ſav'd us with thy breath;
A ſaving bargaine ſcarſe thou now wilt finde,
That plead'ſt with money, for a fee of winde,
A little prayſe; yet reſt content, this deed
Vnpayd on earth, in heaven ſhall finde its meed.
Our Elder brother Advocate ſhall be,
To plead thy Title to eternity.

Eulogie.

To Sr. *Walter Devereaux*, Knight and Baronet.

THou gav'ſt us corne, (great *Devereaux*) and we
Preſented unto heaven thy charity,
In ſacred vowes, and prayers, heaven, againe
Hath promis'd, for our faith, on thee to raine
Full ſhowers of better gifts; the trunck ſhall grow,
Thy branches with felicity ſhall blow,
Like fiſh, thy flocks ſhall yeeld, thy corne-fields ſing,
Thy paſtures imitate perpetuall ſpring.
Who this event contemplates well, may ſay;
Thy graine was lent to heaven, not given away.
Yea that our poore have given to thee; for thus
Thy gift hath made thee debtor unto us.

To.

To Sr. *Edward Seabright*, Knight and Baronet.

I Wiſh, I were more Poet for thy part,
To celebrate thee *Seabright* with due art.
The ſea of thy bright bounty is a theame
Enough to drinke all th' *Heliconian* ſtreame.
Vnto thy gulfe we rivers ſhould re-ſend
Tribute of thankes, for what thy tyde did lend.
Yet though thy prayſe faire channels fit to fill
Like wine, runnes ſoftly through a ſlender quill.
Daine to digeſt theſe humble drops, and know
'Tis want of vent, makes the full fountaine flow.
Yet ſooner rivers ſhall forget to bring,
Their wonted waters to the waters King,
Yer we, how-ere conſtraind in narrow bancks,
Do ceaſe to ſend thee tributary thanks.

Eulogie.

To the right Worſhipfull Sr. *John Hanbury.*

WE ſtudy not thy bounty Knight! to quit
To heaven, unequall we that worke remit.
It were enough for us, as 'tis above
Our humble Muſes reach, to write thy love.
Thou haſt undone our *Helicon*, let's bring
Our beſt, our beſt's beneath thy meriting.
Yet will we what we can, nor ſtreight ſtrike ſayle;
Though ſure our attleſſe induſtry will fayle.
We ſtill will ſtrive with thankfull ſongs to ſave,
Thy creſcent glory from the gloomy grave,
That on the wings of time thy fame may fly
And with him viſit long poſterity.

To

To *William Barkley* of *Cotheridge*, Eſquire.

WHen firſt the newes of benefactors came,
We ſtreight expected thee, fore wrote thy name;
Thy long-knowne bounty did our hope ſecure,
A thouſand mouthes durſt ſweare, thy ſhare was ſure;
While we conceived by thee ſome good turne,
Thy charity is Quick, the gift is borne,
And to our laps delivered, happy we!
If faith would worke on others, as on thee.
There are, which thoſe that knock, and aske deny;
We thinke our ſelves into thy courteſy.
Now, that which to our faith thy love did give,
Shall get thee faithfull love from us, and live
I'th' *Hermes*-ſeale of faithfull memory,
Never to faile till fate it ſelfe doe dye.

Eulogie.

To Maſter *Child*, Iuſtice of Peace.

MAy we not argue thee of Childiſh waſte:
Which didſt downe *Severne* ſo much good corne cast;
Had it bin on thy gratefull acres throwne,
Each ſeed had yeelded uſe, five, ten for one.
Or to the thronged markets ſent, and ſold,
It might have bought proportionable gold.
Brave thrift! in this, of all ere ſold, or ſowed,
Ne're under better ſtarre, was graine beſtowed.
Thy bread on waters caſt, to ſeeming drown'd,
After few dayes, ſhall from the flood be found.
What on theſe waves thy bounteous hand did ſow,
Like malt, by wetting will the better grow.
Thou ſuch a *Child* didſt proove thy ſelfe in this,
To which heavens holy kingdome likned is.

To

Eulogie.

To Maſter *John Dickins* of *Newland.*

TO thanke thee for thy corne alone, were ſtealth
Of halfe thy praiſe, our debt's as much for health.
Certes, for the threſhing floore thou gaveſt the City,
The ſlaying Angels anger yeilds to pitty.
In ſuch bad times each good *Araunah's* almes,
As Sacrifice, th'avengers ire becalmes.
Nor art thou leſſened by thy love, thy grame
The thankfull earth ſhall teeme thee back againe.
Yea, we for thee this victuals did but chew,
The nouriſhment ſhall to thy ſoule accrew.

Eulogie.

To *William Jefferies*, Esquire.

I Know, thy noble nature hopes no gaine
But that of thanks, for thy great love in graine,
Thou shalt not want that modest ayme, I know
No heart so flinty, will not seale this vow.
May centuple the same disaster fall
Which now on some, then on the heads of all:
Or let vindictive *Severne* backwards hye,
Drowne all our meads, or leave his channell dry.
Ere with just cause, thou say thou sow'dst thy pitty,
On barren ground, of an ungratefull City.
Nor shall our farre posterity forget,
T'acknowledge to thy lasting name this debt.

To

To *Martin Sands*, Eſquire.

WE take no notice of thy guift, what ſtore
Of corne thou ſenteſt in, yet who ſent more?
To rate thee by the meaſures of thy graine,
Were thine immeſurable love to ſtaine.
O let us harpe on that, that is a thing,
Homer might ſet, *Apollo* deigne to ſing.
When th' hideous tempeſt firſt began to cleare,
With the firſt ſunne, we ſaw thy preſence here.
O love! when we of all forſaken were,
Thou for our ſakes didſt ſcarſe infection feare.
Firſt ſtarre of comfort! we are moſt ingrate,
When we this Advent ceaſe to celebrate.

Eulogie.

To *Henry Townſend*,
Eſquire.

HOw ſicke ſo ere the middle City; we
Did by thy tokens, finde the *Townſ-end* free;
Yet thou to heart didſt our infection take,
And out in marks, but marks of love, it brake.
The Towne may thanke theſe Suburbs, to his center
Much good did by the gracious townſ-end enter.
Now *Townſ-end* to the worlds end to proclaime,
Is the ſole end, at which our Towne doth aime.
How much of thee could I to fame commend,
That in thy name can hardly find an end.

To

Eulogie.

To *Samuell Sands*, Eſquire.

AND thou, brave ſtripling which to publique fame
Doeſt in thy non-age conſecrate thy name,
What may we not expect from the growne tree,
Which while a twigg, ſo bloomes with courteſie;
That once tow'rds heaven 'twill fruit, and branches (beare,
Excell the orchard, feed the paſſenger;
And with a gratefull ſhaddow ſheild the flock,
Being hopefull ſyen, of ſuch happy ſtock.
Grow up faire plant, and Poets then ſhall bring,
Each one his Muſe, on thy faire boughes to ſing.

To Maſter *John Clent* of *Knightwick.*

EXcuſe in ſteed of corne thou mightſt have ſent
To *Worceſters* ill caſe, ô worthy *Clent.*
Although thy bowels ſhould no mercy ſhow,
Vnto thy loynes a double almes we owe.
Thy ſonnes did give, from thoſe two branches came
Enough, to quit the roote, and rayſe thy name.
And yet thou giv'ſt thy ſelfe, nor wilt thou ſave
Thy purſe, by what they charitably gave;
The reaſon is (brave father) thou doeſt ſcorne,
That th'antient roote ſhould by the boughes be borne.
Yea, like th'old eagle, thou doeſt ſoaring fly,
To make thy noble neſt endeavour high.

To Captaine *Clent.*

AGainſt heavens fatall ordinance, and hoſt,
We found a Captaine, ere the day was loſt.
When wanting food, we ready were to ope
All dores, and yeeld the ſeidger famine ſcope;
To cheere our hopes, that lately lay forlorne,
Thou victualedſt our campe with ample corne,
And bad'ſt us courage take, we did; and loe!
Ere ſince the day hath gone againſt our foe,
O who ſhall crowne him with a worthy wreath?
That in our deſp'rate cauſe affronted death.
And for us to his coſt did combate try,
With that great man at armes Neceſſity.

To *Droyt-wich.*

SInce ſalt is conſtrued wit in Poetry,
Thy due's a Poet, all our ſalt's from thee.
Thy charity (good *Wich*) for thee doth tell,
Y'ave ſalt within your ſelves, as in your Well.
To thinke your boſomes ſeaſon'd, we have reaſon,
You ſent us almes, and ſent your almes in ſeaſon.
Nor, of this kindneſſe (ſeaſon'd things will laſt)
In any ſeaſon, we'll forget the taſte.
Thy ſubtile ſalt ſhall loſe his wonted ſavour,
Yer worthleſſe we forget to fame this favour.
So may thy precious fountaines never taſte
One drop of neighbour currents, but with chaſt,
And peircing brine, becloud his powdered top,
As thou our briny teares didſt helpe to ſtop.
Ne'er feare thy rich ſpring (Siſter) if that dryes,
We'll draw thee brine from our compaſſionate eyes.

Eulogie.

To Master *Edward Barret* of *Wych.*

MOst friends do follow fortune, we must tell
Impartiall, thou didst love us ſicke, as well.
Thy faith no change, or fever felt, we found
It, to the ſickly City ſtill moſt ſound.
Some feare, and fly, which are but friends of forme,
We had thy helpe to ſtic, le with the ſtorme.
It nought repents that we ſome wrack endur'd,
Since ſuch a faith, ſuch tryall hath aſſur'd.

To Maſter *Thomas Allen*, and Maſter *Harris*, of *Wych.*

SO well we love you friends, as not to rayſe
A proper poem, to your purchaſ'd prayſe,
Looke on theſe various pages, 'tis your power
Out of each poeſie to pick a flower,
T'adorne your heads, chooſe where you like I pray,
Your right's the ſame, your gave as well as they.

To Master *Thomas Tomkins* Bachelor of Musicke.

AND thou, great Master of melodious skill,
This holy harmony didst helpe to fill;
When in this dismall Cadence, no sound elſe
Was heard, but mournefull groanes, and mortall bels.
Thy hand an Organ was of ample good
To set in tune, and cheere our mourning mood.
According to thy Tenor, thou didst lend
Vs Meanes, our low, and base state to mend.
T'accompliſh now this song of courtelie,
In Triple time our thanks shall trebbles be.
These lines are Breife, but know, thy Restleſſe song
Of fame, shall stand in notes both large and long.

To Master *Gyles* of *Witley*.

NO greater danger oft then golden store,
And in meere mercy heaven keeps many poore.
Much, many with the thirst of more bewitches,
Some proud, some prodigall, some mad of riches,
So little friends they are to inward health,
I wish some foes, no greater curse than wealth.
Yet, mayst thou thrive to Mammons utmost measure,
We know, thou knoweſt, to ride, and reine thy treasure.
Thou with a part thereof to *Worc'ster* given
Hast gotten thousand suffrages for heaven.

To

Eulogie.

Anonymo.

SAns name, another guiſe is hither come, (whom,
As dropt by chance from heaven, heaven knows frō
The gift was worth an author, who ſhould ſhame
For ſuch an act to under write a name?
Or, was it that thy hearts magnificence,
Had rather millions give: counts pounds as pence?
I know thy holy drift (O modeſt donor)
He that gave thee to give, muſt have the honour.
He ſhall: we laude thy name, O Lord of heaven,
For this; for thee, by nameleſſe author given:
To thee we ſacrifize a ſecond prayſe,
Who to theſe darke times doſt ſuch lights up raiſe;
Lanthornes for heaven, we farther ceaſe to pry,
And wiſh thee rather nameleſſe thus to dye; (paſſion;
Though the world know not whence this ſweete com-
One worth a world of worlds, he that did faſhion
Thy ſecret thoughts; to him thy name is knowne,
Which will this holy theft with guerdon crowne.
Meane while, we nev'r the leſſe eſteeme thy bread;
All *Nile* commend, though none know wher's his head.

To

Eulogie.

To *Mrs.* { *Fleet* of *Hallow*, *Gower* of *Bolton*, *Winsford* of *Chester*, *Lane* of *London* } Widdowes.

TIs sinne to slight your merit, tis *Pauls* care,
We honour those, which reall Widdowes are.
You, to his Sacred order may be plac't,
Whose hands so charitable, hearts so chaste.
Yet holy relicts! this your liberall carriage,
Denotes ambition of your further marriage,
You wip'd, and wood the feete, to win the head,
And for Christs sake his sickely members fed.
Your way is safe, below he first must lose,
Who hopes his blest fruition above.
Your ayme is glorious, her joynture is
(Who this heavens heire archieves) immortall blisse.
Goe on, and we with violent vowes for you
That fed our wants, will never faile to woo.

FINIS.